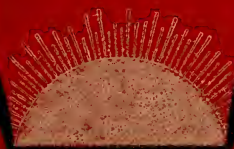


CYMBELINE



JH

UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA

School of Library
Science

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00022093958



CYMBELINE:
AND OTHER STORIES.



FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill



IMOGEN

CYMBELINE,

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY
E. NESBIT
AND
HUGH CHESSON.

Bland

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANCES BRUNDAGE, M. BOWLEY,
Etc., etc.



Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.
London · Paris · Berlin · New York

*Publishers to Their Majesties the King & Queen
& to C.R.H. the Prince & Princess of Wales*

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

CONTENTS:

CYMBELINE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE was the King of Britain. He had three children. The two sons were stolen away from him when they were quite little children, and he was left with only one daughter, Imogen. The King married a second time, and brought up Leonatus, the son of a dear friend, as

Imogen's playfellow ; and when Leonatus was old enough, Imogen secretly married him. This made the King and Queen very angry, and the King, to punish Leonatus, banished him from Britain.

Poor Imogen was nearly heart-broken at parting from Leonatus, and he was not less unhappy. For they were not only lovers and husband and wife, but they had been friends and comrades ever since they were quite little children. With many tears and kisses they said "Good - bye." They promised never to forget each other, and that they would never care for anyone else as long as they lived.

"This diamond was my mother's, love," said Imogen ; "take it, my heart, and keep it as long as you love me."

"Sweetest, fairest," answered Leonatus, "wear this bracelet for my sake."

“ Ah ! ” cried Imogen, weeping,
“ when shall we meet again ? ”

And while they were still in each other's arms, the King came in, and Leonatus had to leave without more farewell.

When he was come to Rome, where he had gone to stay with an old friend of his father's, he spent his days still in thinking of his dear Imogen, and his nights in dreaming of her. One day at a feast some Italian and French noblemen were talking of their sweet-hearts, and swearing that they were the most faithful and honourable and beautiful ladies in the world. And a

renchman reminded Leonatus how he had said many times that his wife Imogen was more fair, wise, and constant than any of the ladies in France.

“ I say so still,” said Leonatus.

“ She is not so good but that she

would deceive," said Iachimo, one of the Italian nobles.

"She never would deceive," said Leonatus.

"I wager," said Iachimo, "that, if I go to Britain, I can persuade your wife to do whatever I wish, even if it should be against your wishes."

"That you will never do," said Leonatus. "I wager this ring upon my finger," which was the very ring Imogen had given him at parting, "that my wife will keep all her vows to me, and that you will never persuade her to do otherwise."

So Iachimo wagered half his estate against the ring on Leonatus's finger, and started forthwith for Britain, with a letter of introduction to Leonatus's wife. When he reached there he was received with all kindness; but he was still determined to win his wager.

He told Imogen that her husband



thought no more of her, and went on to tell many cruel lies about him. Imogen listened at first, but presently perceived what a wicked person Iachimo was, and ordered him to leave her. Then he said—

“Pardon me, fair lady, all that I have said is untrue. I only told you this to see whether you would believe me, or whether you were as much to be trusted as your husband thinks. Will you forgive me?”

“I forgive you freely,” said Imogen.

“Then,” went on Iachimo, “perhaps you will prove it by taking charge of a

trunk, containing a number of jewels which your husband and I and some other gentlemen have bought as a present for the Emperor of Rome."

"I will indeed," said Imogen, "do anything for my husband and a friend of my husband's. Have the jewels sent into my room, and I will take care of them."

"It is only for one night," said Iachimo, "for I leave Britain again to-morrow."

So the trunk was carried into Imogen's room, and that night she went to bed and to sleep. When she was fast asleep, the lid of the trunk opened and a man got out. It was Iachimo. The story about the jewels was as untrue as the rest of the things he had said. He had only wished to get into her room to win his wicked wager. He looked about him and noticed the furniture, and then crept to the side of the

bed where Imogen was asleep and took from her arm the gold bracelet which had been the parting gift of her husband. Then he crept back to the trunk, and next morning sailed for Rome.

When he met Leonatus, he said—

“I have been to Britain and I have won the wager, for your wife no longer thinks about you. She stayed talking with me all one night in her room, which is hung with tapestry and has a carved chimney-piece, and silver andirons in the shape of two winking Cupids.”

“I do not believe she has forgotten me; I do not believe she stayed talking with you in her room. You have heard her room described by the servants.”

“Ah!” said Iachimo, “but she gave me this bracelet. She took it from her arm. I see her yet. Her pretty action did outsell her gift, and yet enriched it

too. She gave it me, and said she prized it once."

"Take the ring," cried Leonatus, "you have won; and you might have won my life as well, for I care nothing for it now I know my lady has forgotten me."

And mad with anger, he wrote letters to Britain to his old servant, Pisanio, ordering him to take Imogen to Milford Haven, and to murder her, because she had forgotten him and given away his gift. At the same time he wrote to Imogen herself, telling her to go with Pisanio, his old servant, to Milford Haven, and that he, her husband, would be there to meet her.

Now when Pisanio got this letter he was too good to carry out its orders, and too wise to let them alone altogether. So he gave Imogen the letter from her husband, and started with her for Milford Haven. Before he left, the



IMOGEN.

wicked Queen gave him a drink which, she said, would be useful in sickness. She hoped he would give it to Imogen, and that Imogen would die, and the wicked Queen's son could be King. For the Queen thought this drink was a poison, but really and truly it was only a sleeping-draught.

When Pisanio and Imogen came near to Milford Haven, he told her what was really in the letter he had had from her husband.

“I must go on to Rome, and see him myself,” said Imogen.

And then Pisanio helped her to dress in boy's clothes, and sent her on her way, and went back to the Court. Before he went he gave her the drink he had had from the Queen.

Imogen went on, getting more and more tired, and at last came to a cave. Someone seemed to live there, but no one was in just then. So she went in,

and as she was almost dying of hunger, she took some food she saw there, and had just done so, when an old man and two boys came into the cave. She was very much frightened when she saw them, for she thought that they would be angry with her for taking their food, though she had meant to leave money for it on the table. But to her surprise they welcomed her kindly. She looked very pretty in her boy's clothes and her face was good, as well as pretty.

“You shall be our brother,” said both the boys ; and so she stayed with them, and helped to cook the food, and make things comfortable. But one day when the old man, whose name was Bellarius, was out hunting with the two boys, Imogen felt ill, and thought she would try the medicine Pisanio had given her. So she took it, and at once became like a dead creature, so that when Bellarius and the boys came back from hunting,

they thought she was dead, and with many tears and funeral songs, they carried her away and laid her in the wood, covered with flowers.

They sang sweet songs to her, and strewed flowers on her, pale primroses, and the azure harebell, and eglantine, and furred moss, and went away sorrowful. No sooner had they gone than Imogen awoke, and not knowing how she came there, nor where she was, went wandering through the wood.

Now while Imogen had been living in the cave, the Romans had decided to attack Britain, and their army had come over, and with them Leonatus, who had grown sorry for his wickedness against Imogen, so had come back, not to fight with the Romans against Britain, but with the Britons against Rome. So as Imogen wandered alone, she met with Lucius, the Roman General, and took service with him as his page.

When the battle was fought between the Romans and Britons, Bellarius and his two boys fought for their own country, and Leonatus, disguised as a British peasant, fought beside them. The Romans had taken Cymbeline prisoner, and old Bellarius, with his sons and Leonatus, bravely rescued the King. Then the Britons won the battle, and among the prisoners brought before the King were Lucius, with Imogen, Iachimo, and Leonatus, who had put on the uniform of a Roman soldier. He was tired of his life since he had cruelly ordered his wife to be killed, and he hoped that, as a Roman soldier, he would be put to death.

When they were brought before the King, Lucius spoke out—

“A Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer,” he said. “If I must die, so be it. This one thing only will I entreat. My boy, a Briton born, let him be ran-

somed. Never master had a page so kind, so duteous, diligent, true. He has done no Briton harm, though he has served a Roman. Save him, sir."

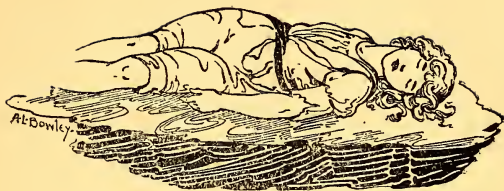
Then Cymbeline looked on the page, who was his own daughter, Imogen, in disguise, and though he did not recognise her, he felt such a kindness that he not only spared the boy's life, but he said—

"He shall have any boon he likes to ask of me, even though he ask a prisoner, the noblest taken."

Then Imogen said, "The boon I ask is that this gentleman shall say from whom he got the ring he has on his finger," and she pointed to Iachimo.

"Speak," said Cymbeline, "how did you get that diamond?"

Then Iachimo told the whole truth of his villainy. At this, Leonatus was unable to contain himself, and casting aside all thought of disguise, he came for-



ward, cursing himself for his folly in having believed Iachimo's lying story, and calling again and again on his wife whom he believed dead.

"Oh, Imogen, my love, my life!" he cried. "Oh, Imogen!"

Then Imogen, forgetting she was disguised, cried out, "Peace, my lord—here, here!"

Leonatus turned to strike the forward page who thus interfered in his great trouble, and then he saw that it was his wife, Imogen, and they fell into each other's arms.

The King was so glad to see his dear daughter again, and so grateful to the

man who had rescued him (whom he now found to be Leonatus), that he gave his blessing on their marriage, and then he turned to Bellarius, and the two boys. Now Bellarius spoke—

“I am your old servant, Bellarius. You accused me of treason when I had only been loyal to you, and to be doubted, made me disloyal. So I stole your two sons, and see,—they are here!” And he brought forward the two boys, who had sworn to be brothers to Imogen when they thought she was a boy like themselves.

The wicked Queen was dead of some of her own poisons, and the King, with his three children about him, lived to a happy old age.

So the wicked were punished, and the good and true lived happy ever after. So may the wicked suffer, and honest folk prosper till the world's end.



IMOGEN AND LEONATUS.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

IN the year thirteen hundred and something, the Countess of Rousillon was unhappy in her palace near the Pyrenees. She had lost her husband, and the King of France had summoned

her son Bertram to Paris, hundreds of miles away.

Bertram was a pretty youth with curling hair, finely arched eyebrows, and eyes as keen as a hawk's. He was as proud as ignorance could make him, and would lie with a face like truth itself to gain a selfish end. But a pretty youth is a pretty youth, and Helena was in love with him.

Helena was the daughter of a great doctor who had died in the service of the Count of Rousillon. Her sole fortune consisted in a few of her father's prescriptions.

When Bertram had gone, Helena's forlorn look was noticed by the Countess, who told her that she was exactly the same to her as her own child. Tears then gathered in Helena's eyes, for she felt that the Countess made Bertram seem like a brother whom she could never marry. The Countess guessed

her secret forthwith, and Helena confessed that Bertram was to her as the sun is to the day.

She hoped, however, to win this sun by earning the gratitude of the King of France, who suffered from a lingering illness, which made him lame. The great doctors attached to the Court despaired of curing him, but Helena had confidence in a prescription which her father had used with success.

Taking an affectionate leave of the Countess, she went to Paris, and was allowed to see the King.

He was very polite, but it was plain he thought her a quack. "It would not become me," he said, "to apply to a simple maiden for the relief which all the learned doctors cannot give me."

"Heaven uses weak instruments sometimes," said Helena, and she declared that she would forfeit her life if she failed to make him well.

“And if you succeed?” questioned the King.

“Then I will ask your Majesty to give me for a husband the man whom I choose!”

So earnest a young lady could not be resisted for ever by a suffering king. Helena, therefore, became the King's doctor, and in two days the royal cripple could skip.

He summoned his courtiers, and they made a glittering throng in the throne room of his palace. Well might the country girl have been dazzled, and seen a dozen husbands worth dreaming of among the handsome young noblemen before her. But her eyes only wandered till they found Bertram. Then she went up to him, and said, “I dare not say I take you, but I am yours!” Raising her voice that the King might hear, she added, “This is the man!”

“Bertram,” said the King, “take her ; she’s your wife !”

“My wife, my liege ?” said Bertram. “I beg your Majesty to permit me to choose a wife.”

“Do you know, Bertram, what she has done for your King ?” asked the monarch, who had treated Bertram like a son.

“Yes, your Majesty,” replied Bertram ; “but why should I marry a girl who owes her breeding to my father’s charity ?”

“You disdain her for lacking a title, but I can give her a title,” said the King ; and as he looked at the sulky youth a thought came to him, and he added, “Strange that you think so much of blood when you could not distinguish your own from a beggar’s if you saw them mixed together in a bowl.”

“I cannot love her,” asserted Ber-



tram ; and Helena said gently, "Urge him not, your Majesty. I am glad to have cured my King for my country's sake."

"My honour requires that scornful boy's obedience," said the King. "Bertram, make up your mind to this. You marry this lady, of whom you are so unworthy, or you learn how a king can hate. Your answer?"

Bertram bowed low and said, "Your Majesty has ennobled the lady by your interest in her. I submit."

"Take her by the hand," said the King, "and tell her she is yours."

Bertram obeyed, and with little delay he was married to Helena.

Fear of the King, however, could not make him a lover. Ridicule helped to sour him. A base soldier named Parolles told him to his face that now he had a "kicky-wicky" his business was not to fight but to stay at home. "Kicky-wicky" was only a silly epithet for a wife, but it made Bertram feel he could not bear having a wife, and that he must go to the war in Italy, though the King had forbidden him.

Helena he ordered to take leave of the King and return to Rousillon, giving her letters for his mother and herself. He then rode off, bidding her a cold good-bye.

She opened the letter addressed to herself, and read, "When you can get the ring from my finger you can call me husband, but against that 'when' I write 'never.'"

Dry-eyed had Helena been when she entered the King's presence and said farewell, but he was uneasy on her account, and gave her a ring from his own finger, saying, "If you send this to me, I shall know you are in trouble, and help you."

She did not show him Bertram's letter to his wife; it would have made him wish to kill the truant Count; but she went back to Rousillon and handed her mother-in-law the second letter. It was short and bitter. "I have run away," it said. "If the world be broad enough, I will be always far away from her."

"Cheer up," said the noble widow to the deserted wife. "I wash his name

out of my blood, and you alone are my child."

The Dowager Countess, however, was still mother enough to Bertram to lay the blame of his conduct on Parolles, whom she called "a very tainted fellow."

Helena did not stay long at Roussillon. She clad herself as a pilgrim, and, leaving a letter for her mother-in-law, secretly set out for Florence.

On entering that city she inquired a woman the way to the Pilgrims' House of Rest, but the woman begged the "holy pilgrim" to lodge with her.

Helena found that her hostess was a widow, who had a beautiful daughter named Diana.

When Diana heard that Helena came from France, she said, "A countryman of yours, Count Rousillon, has done worthy service for Florence." But

after a time, Diana had something to tell which was not at all worthy of Helena's husband. Bertram was making love to Diana. He did not hide the fact that he was married, but Diana heard from Parolles that his wife was not worth caring for.

The widow was anxious for Diana's sake, and Helena decided to inform her that she was the Countess Rousillon.

"He keeps asking Diana for a lock of her hair," said the widow.

Helena smiled mournfully, for her hair was as fine as Diana's and of the same colour. Then an idea struck her, and she said, "Take this purse of gold for yourself. I will give Diana three thousand crowns if she will help me to carry out this plan. Let her promise to give a lock of her hair to my husband if he will give her the ring which he wears on his finger. It is an ancestral ring. Five Counts of Rousillon

have worn it, yet he will yield it up for a lock of your daughter's hair. Let your daughter insist that he shall cut the lock of hair from her in a dark room, and agree in advance that she shall not speak a single word."

The widow listened attentively, with the purse of gold in her lap. She said at last, "I consent, if Diana is willing."

Diana was willing, and, strange to say, the prospect of cutting off a lock of hair from a silent girl in a dark room was so pleasing to Bertram that he handed Diana his ring, and was told when to follow her into the dark room. At the time appointed he came with a sharp knife, and felt a sweet face touch his as he cut off the lock of hair, and he left the room satisfied, like a man who is filled with renown, and on his finger was a ring which the girl in the dark room had given him.

The war was nearly over, but one of



its concluding chapters taught Bertram that the soldier who had been impudent enough to call Helena his “kicky-wicky” was far less courageous than a wife. Parolles was such a boaster, and so fond of trimmings to his clothes,

that the French officers played him a trick to discover what he was made of. He had lost his drum, and had said that he would regain it unless he was killed in the attempt. His attempt was a very poor one, and he was inventing the story of a heroic failure, when he was surrounded and disarmed.

“Portotartarossa,” said a French lord.

“What horrible lingo is this?” thought Parolles, who had been blindfolded.

“He’s calling for the tortures,” said a Frenchman, affecting to act as interpreter. “What will you say without ’em?”

“As much,” replied Parolles, “as I could possibly say if you pinched me like a pasty.” He was as good as his word. He told them how many there were in each regiment of the Florentine army, and he refreshed them with spicy anecdotes of the officers commanding it.

Bertram was present, and heard a letter read, in which Parolles told Diana that he was a fool.

"This is your devoted friend," said a French lord.

"He is a cat to me now," said Bertram, who detested our hearthrug pets.

Parolles was finally let go, but henceforth he felt like a sneak, and was not addicted to boasting.

We now return to France with Helena, who had spread a report of her death, which was conveyed to the Dowager Countess at Rousillon by Lafeu, a lord who wished to marry his daughter Magdalen to Bertram.

The King mourned for Helena, but he approved of the marriage proposed for Bertram, and paid a visit to Rousillon in order to see it accomplished.

"His great offence is dead," he said.
"Let Bertram approach me."

Then Bertram, scarred in the cheek, knelt before his Sovereign, and said that if he had not loved Lafeu's daughter before he married Helena, he would have prized his wife, whom he now loved when it was too late.

"Love that is late offends the Great Sender," said the King. "Forget sweet Helena, and give a ring to Magdalen."

Bertram immediately gave a ring to Lafeu, who said indignantly, "It's Helena's!"

"It's not!" said Bertram.

Hereupon the King asked to look at the ring, and said, "This is the ring I gave to Helena, and bade her send to me if ever she needed help. So you had the cunning to get from her what could help her most."

Bertram denied again that the ring was Helena's, but even his mother said it was.

"You lie!" exclaimed the King. "Seize him, guards!" but even while

they were seizing him, Bertram wondered how the ring, which he thought Diana had given him, came to be so like Helena's.

A gentleman now entered, craving permission to deliver a petition to the King. It was a petition signed Diana



Capilet, and it begged that the King would order Bertram to marry her whom he had deserted after winning her love.

"I'd sooner buy a son-in-law at a fair than take Bertram now," said Lafeu.

"Admit the petitioner," said the King.

Bertram found himself confronted by Diana and her mother. He denied that Diana had any claim on him, and spoke of her as though her life was spent in the gutter. But she asked him what sort of gentlewoman it was to whom he gave, as to her he gave, the ring of his ancestors now missing from his finger?

Bertram was ready to sink into the earth, but fate had one crowning generosity reserved for him. Helena entered.

"Do I see reality?" asked the King.

"O pardon! pardon!" cried Bertram.

She held up his ancestral ring.

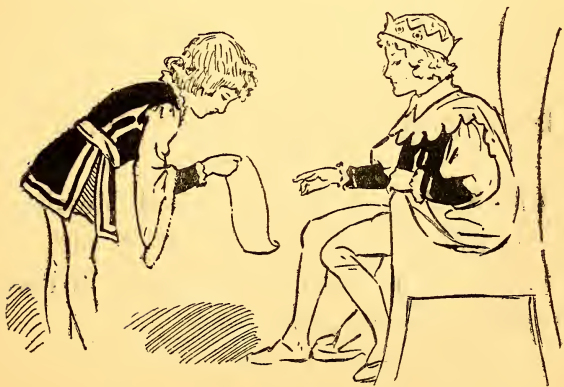
"Now that I have this," said she,

"will you love me, Bertram?"

"To the end of my life," cried he.

"My eyes smell onions," said Lafeu. Tears for Helena were twinkling in them.

The King praised Diana when he was fully informed by that not very shy young lady of the meaning of her conduct. For Helena's sake she had wished to expose Bertram's meanness, not only to the King, but to himself. His pride was now in shreds, and it is believed that he made a husband of some sort after all.





MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

IN Sicily is a town called Messina, which is the scene of a curious storm in a teacup that raged several hundred years ago.

It began with sunshine. Don Pedro,

Prince of Arragon, in Spain, had gained so complete a victory over his foes that the very land whence they came is forgotten. Feeling happy and playful after the fatigues of war, Don Pedro came for a holiday to Messina, and in his suite were his step-brother Don John and two young Italian lords, Benedick and Claudio.

Benedick was a merry chatterbox, who had determined to live a bachelor. Claudio, on the other hand, no sooner arrived at Messina than he fell in love with Hero, the daughter of Leonato, Governor of Messina.

One July day, a perfumer called Borachio was burning dried lavender in a musty room in Leonato's house, when the sound of conversation floated through the open window.

"Give me your candid opinion of Hero," Claudio asked, and Borachio settled himself for comfortable listening.

“Too short and brown for praise,” was Benedick’s reply; “but alter her colour or height, and you spoil her.”

“In my eyes she is the sweetest of women,” said Claudio.

“Not in mine,” retorted Benedick, “and I have no need for glasses. She is like the last day of December compared with the first of May if you set her beside her cousin. Unfortunately, the Lady Beatrice is a fury.”

Beatrice was Leonato’s niece. She amused herself by saying witty and severe things about Benedick, who called her Dear Lady Disdain. She was wont to say that she was born under a dancing star, and could not therefore be dull.

Claudio and Benedick were still talking when Don Pedro came up and said good-humouredly, “Well, gentlemen, what’s the secret?”

“I am longing,” answered Benedick,

“for your Grace to command me to tell.”

“I charge you, then, on your allegiance to tell me,” said Don Pedro, falling in with his humour.

“I can be as dumb as a mute,” apologised Benedick to Claudio, “but his Grace commands my speech.” To Don Pedro he said, “Claudio is in love with Hero, Leonato’s short daughter.”

Don Pedro was pleased, for he admired Hero and was fond of Claudio. When Benedick had departed, he said to Claudio, “Be steadfast in your love for Hero, and I will help you to win her. To-night her father gives a masquerade, and I will pretend I am Claudio, and tell her how Claudio loves her, and if she be pleased, I will go to her father and ask his consent to your union.”

Most men like to do their own wooing, but if you fall in love with a Governor’s only daughter, you are fortunate if

you can trust a prince to plead for you.

Claudio then was fortunate, but he was unfortunate as well, for he had an enemy who was outwardly a friend. This enemy was Don Pedro's step-brother Don John, who was jealous of Claudio because Don Pedro preferred him to Don John.

It was to Don John that Borachio came with the interesting conversation which he had overheard.

"I shall have some fun at that masquerade myself," said Don John when Borachio ceased speaking.

On the night of the masquerade, Don Pedro, masked and pretending he was Claudio, asked Hero if he might walk with her.

They moved away together, and Don John went up to Claudio and said, "Signor Benedick, I believe?"

"The same," fibbed Claudio.



“I should be much obliged then,” said Don John, “if you would use your influence with my brother to cure him of his love for Hero. She is beneath him in rank.”

“How do you know he loves her?” inquired Claudio.

“I heard him swear his affection,” was the reply, and Borachio chimed in with, “So did I too.”

Claudio was then left to himself, and his thought was that his Prince had betrayed him. “Farewell, Hero,” he muttered; “I was a fool to trust to an agent.”

Meanwhile Beatrice and Benedick (who was masked) were having a brisk exchange of opinions.

“Did Benedick ever make you laugh?” asked she.

“Who is Benedick?” he inquired.

“A Prince’s jester,” replied Beatrice, and she spoke so sharply that “I would not marry her,” he declared afterwards, “if her estate were the Garden of Eden.”

But the principal speaker at the masquerade was neither Beatrice nor Benedick. It was Don Pedro, who carried out his plan to the letter, and

brought the light back to Claudio's face in a twinkling, by appearing before him with Leonato and Hero, and saying, "Claudio, when would you like to go to church?"

"To-morrow," was the prompt answer. "Time goes on crutches till I marry Hero."

"Give her a week, my dear son," said Leonato, and Claudio's heart thumped with joy.

"And now," said the amiable Don Pedro, "we must find a wife for Signor Benedick. It is a task for Hercules."

"I will help you," said Leonato, "if I have to sit up ten nights."

Then Hero spoke. "I will do what I can, my lord, to find a good husband for Beatrice."

Thus, with happy laughter, ended the masquerade which had given Claudio a lesson for nothing.

Borachio cheered up Don John by

laying a plan before him with which he was confident he could persuade both Claudio and Don Pedro that Hero was a fickle girl who had two strings to her bow. Don John agreed to this plan of hate.

Don Pedro, on the other hand, had devised a cunning plan of love. "If," he said to Leonato, "we pretend, when Beatrice is near enough to overhear us, that Benedick is pining for her love, she will pity him, see his good qualities, and love him. And if, when Benedick thinks we don't know he is listening, we say how sad it is that the beautiful Beatrice should be in love with a heartless scoffer like Benedick, he will certainly be on his knees before her in a week or less."

So one day, when Benedick was reading in a summer-house, Claudio sat down outside it with Leonato, and said, "Your daughter told me something about a letter she wrote."

“Letter!” exclaimed Leonato. “She will get up twenty times in the night and write goodness knows what. But once Hero peeped, and saw the words ‘Benedick and Beatrice’ on the sheet, and then Beatrice tore it up.”

“Hero told me,” said Claudio, “that she cried, ‘O sweet Benedick!’”

Benedick was touched to the core by this improbable story, which he was vain enough to believe. “She is fair and good,” he said to himself. “I must not seem proud. I feel that I love her. People will laugh, of course; but their paper bullets will do me no harm.”

At this moment Beatrice came to the summer-house, and said, “Against my will, I have come to tell you that dinner is ready.”

“Fair Beatrice, I thank you,” said Benedick.

“I took no more pains to come than

you take pains to thank me," was the rejoinder, intended to freeze him.

But it did not freeze him. It warmed him. The meaning he squeezed out of her rude speech was that she was delighted to come to him.

Hero, who had undertaken the task of melting the heart of Beatrice, took no trouble to seek an occasion. She simply said to her maid Margaret one day, "Run into the parlour and whisper to Beatrice that Ursula and I are talking about her in the orchard."

Having said this, she felt as sure that Beatrice would overhear what was meant for her ears as if she had made an appointment with her cousin.

In the orchard was a bower, screened from the sun by honeysuckles, and Beatrice entered it a few minutes after Margaret had gone on her errand.

"But are you sure," asked Ursula, who was one of Hero's attendants,

“that Benedick loves Beatrice so devotedly?”

“So say the Prince and my betrothed, replied Hero, “and they wished me to tell her, but I said, ‘No! Let Benedick get over it.’”

“Why did you say that?”

“Because Beatrice is unbearably proud. Her eyes sparkle with disdain and scorn. She is too conceited to love. I should not



like to see her making game of poor Benedick's love. I would rather see Benedick waste away like a covered fire."

"I don't agree with you," said Ursula. "I think your cousin is too clear-sighted not to see the merits of Benedick." "He is the one man in Italy, except Claudio," said Hero.

The talkers then left the orchard, and Beatrice, excited and tender, stepped out of the summer-house, saying to herself, "Poor dear Benedick, be true to me, and your love shall tame this wild heart of mine."

Act
II. Scene II. We now return to the plan of hate.

The night before the day fixed for Claudio's wedding, Don John entered a room in which Don Pedro and Claudio were conversing, and asked Claudio if he intended to be married to-morrow.

"You know he does!" said Don Pedro.

“He may know differently,” said Don John, “when he has seen what I will show him if he will follow me.”

They followed him into the garden ; and they saw a lady leaning out of Hero’s window talking love to Borachio.

Claudio thought the lady was Hero, and said, “I will shame her for it to-morrow !” Don Pedro thought she was Hero, too ; but she was not Hero ; she was Margaret.

Don John chuckled noiselessly when Claudio and Don Pedro quitted the garden ; he gave Borachio a purse containing a thousand ducats.

The money made Borachio feel very gay, and when he was walking in the street with his friend Conrade, he boasted of his wealth and the giver, and told what he had done.

A watchman overheard them, and thought that a man who had been paid a thousand ducats for villainy was worth

taking in charge. He therefore arrested Borachio and Conrade, who spent the rest of the night in prison.

Before noon of the next day half the aristocrats in Messina were at church. Hero thought it was her wedding day, and she was there in her wedding dress, no cloud on her pretty face or in her frank and shining eyes.

The priest was Friar Francis.

Turning to Claudio, he said, "You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?" "No!" contradicted Claudio.

Leonato thought he was quibbling over grammar. "You should have said, Friar," said he, "'You come to be married to her.'"

Friar Francis turned to Hero. "Lady," he said, "you come hither to be married to this Count?" "I do," replied Hero.

"If either of you know any impediment to this marriage, I charge you to utter it," said the Friar.

“Do you know of any, Hero?” asked Claudio. “None,” said she.

“Know you of any, Count?” demanded the Friar. “I dare reply for him, ‘None,’” said Leonato.

Claudio exclaimed bitterly, “O! what will not men dare say! Father,” he continued, “will you give me your daughter?” “As freely,” replied Leonato, “as God gave her to me.”

“And what can I give you,” asked Claudio, “which is worthy of this gift?” “Nothing,” said Don Pedro, “unless you give the gift back to the giver.”

“Sweet Prince, you teach me,” said Claudio. “There, Leonato, take her back.”

These brutal words were followed by others which flew from Claudio, Don Pedro and Don John.

The church seemed no longer sacred. Hero took her own part as long as she

could, then she swooned. All her persecutors left the church, except her father, who was befooled by the accusations against her, and cried, "Hence from her! Let her die!"

But Friar Francis saw Hero blameless with his clear eyes that probed the soul. "She is innocent," he said; "a thousand signs have told me so."

Hero revived under his kind gaze. Her father, flurried and angry, knew not what to think, and the Friar said, "They have left her as one dead with shame. Let us pretend that she is dead until the truth is declared, and slander turns to remorse."

"The Friar advises well," said Benedick. Then Hero was led away into a retreat, and Beatrice and Benedick remained alone in the church.

Benedick knew she had been weeping bitterly and long. "Surely I do believe

your fair cousin is wronged," he said. She still wept.

"Is it not strange," asked Benedick, gently, "that I love nothing in the world as well as you?"

"It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing as well as you," said Beatrice, "but I do not say it. I am sorry for my cousin."

"Tell me what to do for her," said Benedick. "Kill Claudio."

"Ha! not for the wide world," said Benedick. "Your refusal kills me," said Beatrice. "Farewell."

"Enough! I will challenge him," cried Benedick.

During this scene Borachio and Conrade were in prison. There they were examined by a constable called Dogberry.

The watchman gave evidence to the effect that Borachio had said that he had received a thousand ducats for conspiring against Hero.

Leonato was not present at this examination, but he was nevertheless now thoroughly convinced of Hero's innocence. He played the part of bereaved father very well, and when Don Pedro and Claudio called on him in a friendly way, he said to the Italian, "You have slandered my child to death, and I challenge you to combat."

"I cannot fight an old man," said Claudio.

"You could kill a girl," sneered Leonato, and Claudio crimsoned.

Hot words grew from hot words, and both Don Pedro and Claudio were feeling scorched when Leonato left the room and Benedick entered.

"The old man," said Claudio, "was like to have snapped my nose off."

"You are a villain!" said Benedick, shortly. "Fight me when and with what weapon you please, or I call you a coward."

Claudio
was as-
tounded,
but said,
"I'll meet
you. No-
b o d y
shall say
I can't
carve a
c a l f's
head."

Bene-
d i c k
smiled,
and as it

was time for Don Pedro to receive
officials, the Prince sat down in a chair
of state and prepared his mind for justice.

The door soon opened to admit
Dogberry and his prisoners.

"What offence," said Don Pedro,
'are these men charged with?'"



Borachio thought the moment a happy one for making a clean breast of it. He laid the whole blame on Don John, who had disappeared. "The lady Hero being dead," he said, "I desire nothing but the reward of a murderer."

Claudio heard with anguish and deep repentance.

Upon the re-entrance of Leonato he said to him, "This slave makes clear your daughter's innocence. Choose your revenge."

"Leonato," said Don Pedro, humbly, "I am ready for any penance you may impose."

"I ask you both, then," said Leonato, "to proclaim my daughter's innocence, and to honour her tomb by singing her praise before it. As for you, Claudio, I have this to say: my brother has a daughter so like Hero that she might be a copy of her. Marry her, and my vengeful feelings die."

“Noble sir,” said Claudio, “I am yours.” Claudio then went to his room and composed a solemn song. Going to the church with Don Pedro and his attendants, he sang it before the monument of Leonato’s family. When he had ended he said, “Good night, Hero. Yearly will I do this.”

He then gravely, as became a gentleman whose heart was Hero’s, made ready to marry a girl whom he did not love. He was told to meet her in Leonato’s house, and was faithful to his appointment.

He was shown into a room where Antonio (Leonato’s brother) and several masked ladies entered after him. Friar Francis, Leonato, and Benedick were present.

Antonio led one of the ladies towards Claudio.

“Sweet,” said the young man, “let me see your face.”

"Swear first to marry her," said Leonato.

"Give me your hand," said Claudio to the lady; "before this holy friar I swear to marry you if you will be my wife."

"Alive I was your wife," said the lady, as she drew off her mask.

"Another Hero!" exclaimed Claudio.

"Hero died," explained Leonato, "only while slander lived."

The Friar was then going to marry the reconciled pair, but Benedick interrupted him with, "Softly, Friar; which of these ladies is Beatrice?"

Hereat Beatrice unmasked, and Benedick said, "You love me, don't you?"

"Only moderately," was the reply. "Do you love me?"

"Moderately," answered Benedick.

"I was told you were well-nigh dead for me," remarked Beatrice.

"Of you I was told the same," said Benedick.

"Here's your own hand in evidence of your love," said Claudio, producing a feeble sonnet which Benedick had written to his sweetheart.

"And here," said Hero, "is a tribute to Benedick, which I picked out of the pocket of Beatrice."

"A miracle!" exclaimed Benedick. "Our hands are against our hearts! Come, I will marry you, Beatrice."

"You shall be my husband to save your life," was the rejoinder.

Benedick kissed her on the mouth; and the Friar married them after he had married Claudio and Hero.

"How is Benedick the married man?" asked Don Pedro.

"Too happy to be made unhappy," replied Benedick. "Crack what jokes you will. As for you, Claudio, I had hoped to run you through the body,

but as you are now my kinsman, live whole and love my cousin."

"My cudgel was in love with you, Benedick, until to-day," said Claudio; but, "Come, come, let's dance," said Benedick.

And dance they did. Not even the news of the capture of Don John was able to stop the flying feet of the happy lovers, for revenge is not sweet against an evil man who has failed to do harm.



A SELECTION FROM RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' Publications.

THE CHILDREN'S GEM LIBRARY.

A series of 18 cloth-bound Story Books by the most popular Writers for Children. Illustrated in colour and black and white. Sixty-four pages.

25c. each, or Six Books complete in fancy case, 1.50.

CHILDREN'S STORIES BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

1. **Effie's Little Mother**, by Rosa Nouchette Carey.
2. **Tic-tac-too**, by L. T. Meade.
3. **Betsy Brian's Needle**, by M. A. Hoyer.
4. **The Seven Plaits of Nettles**, by Edric Vredenburg.
5. **The Rainbow Queen**, by E. Nesbit. 63
6. **Mildred and Her Mills**, by Nora Chesson.

CHILDREN'S STORIES FROM DICKENS.

Told by Mary A. Dickens, Edric Vredenburg, Nora Chesson, and others.

- | | | |
|--|-----|-----|
| 7. Little David Copperfield and other Stories | | |
| 8. Tiny Tim | do. | do. |
| 9. Jenny Wren | do. | do. |
| 10. The Blind Toy-Maker | do. | do. |
| 11. Little Paul Dombey | do. | do. |
| 12. The Runaway Couple | do. | do. |

CHILDREN'S STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Told by E. Nesbit, etc.

13. **The Winter's Tale**
14. **Romeo and Juliet**
15. **A Midsummer Night's Dream**
16. **Cymbeline**
17. **The Taming of the Shrew**
18. **The Merchant of Venice**

FATHER TUCK'S "GOLDEN GIFT" SERIES.

Board Covers, 50c. each. Cloth Binding, 75c. each.

An exceptional line of Juvenile Books, each consisting of seventy-two pages of good quality paper. Fifty-six pages are illustrated in Black and White, sixteen pages printed in Two Colours, and frontispiece in Full Colour. The illustrations are by well-known and favourite artists, the letterpress being interesting, amusing and instructive. The Books are bound in Strong Boards with an attractive illustration in Full Colour, and are also in Cloth binding in a variety of shades.

Days of Delight. Tales told by E. Nesbit, M. A. Hoyer, etc., etc. With pictures by T. Noyes Lewis, Hilda Cowham, etc., etc.

Granny's Stories. By Nora Chesson, Margery Williams, Grace C. Floyd, etc., etc. Pictured by M. A. Attwell, Frances Brundage, etc. etc.

Our Favourites. With verses by Grace C. Floyd, Gladys Davidson, etc., illustrated by W. Foster, G. H. Thompson, M. F. Taylor, etc., etc.

Picture Pages. Verses by Clifton Bingham, H. M. Burnside, Grace C. Floyd, etc., and illustrations by M. Bowley, Hilda Cowham, Frances Brundage, etc., etc.

The Children's Hour. Stories and verses by E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, etc., etc. Pictured by E. M. and M. F. Taylor, A. Dixon, etc., etc.

To Nursery Land with Louls Wain. Illustrations by Louis Wain. With verses by Clifton Bingham, S. K. Cowham, etc., etc.

BOOKS BY T. E. DONNISON, etc.

Picture boards, One Dollar each.

Odds and Ends and Old Friends. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures, rhymes, etc.

Old Fairy Legends, in New Colours, with verses by Nora Chesson. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and verses.

Rhymes without Reason. Pictured and penned by E. M. and M. F. Taylor. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and rhymes.

Proverbs Old, Newly Told, by Clifton Bingham. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and verses.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BOOKS.

Picture boards, One Dollar each. Cloth, 1.50 each.

Picture Stories from the Bible. By Lady Magnus. Many of the most interesting events in the Old Testament, told by Lady Magnus in simple language, and most beautifully illustrated. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures and numerous illustrations in two colours, by John Lawson, etc. Thirty-six pages. Size 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 10.

Pictures from "The Life of Christ." UNTEARABLE. Incidents in the New Testament, and Parables and Miracles, exquisitely illustrated and related briefly and simply. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures and four pages of illustrations, in two colours. 28 pages. Sizes 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 10.

BY THE REV. CANON DUCKWORTH, D.D., C.V.O.

Sub-Dean of Westminster; Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

The Holy Land. Illustrated with forty-nine pictures in colour and black and white, from original drawings, painted in Palestine, by W. J. Webb. Coloured map. Thirty-six pages.



BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

Author of "Music and Morals," "Arrows in the Air," "Christ and Christianity," etc.

The Child's Life of Jesus. Illustrated with twenty full-page coloured and forty-three black and white pictures. One hundred pages.

HUMOROUS BOOKS BY LOUIS WAIN.

Big Dogs, Little Dogs, Cats and Kittens. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with letterpress.

At the Pantomime with Louis Wain. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with verses.

In Storyland with Louis Wain. Cats as Fairyland and Sporting Characters with verses. On strong untearable leaves. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures, and four black and white.

In Cat and Dog Land with Louis Wain. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with verses.

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX PAGES.

Every Page Illustrated.

Edited by **EDRIC VREDENBURG.**

A truly excellent production of enthralling interest and amusement, containing all sorts of pictures in colour and black and white by some of the leading artists, illustrating stories in prose and poetry, songs, etc., by well-known contributors. Eight coloured illustrations. 256 pages.

Picture boards	1.25
Cloth, bevelled, gilt edges	25c

FATHER TUCK'S "MIGHTY MIDGET" SERIES.

ILLUMINATED BOARD COVERS.

The Jungle Baby. An attractive miniature volume, containing a charmingly told little story of the Jungle, illustrated with twenty-four coloured pictures. Ninety-six pages 25c.

The Lad who Always did his Best. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and letterpress, all most quaint and original. Two stories.

Picture boards 15c.

The Boy, the Piano, and the Baby. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and letterpress, full of delightful humour. Two stories.

Picture boards 15c.

The Five Little Pigs. Thirty-six pages of black and white pictures and letterpress illustrating and detailing the further adventures of "The Five Little Pigs," so well known to nursery inmates.

Picture boards 15c.

The Boy and his Presence of Mind and Nurse is Always Right. Thirty-six pages of black and white pictures and letterpress by C. M. Fry. Very striking and amusing.

Picture boards 15c.

FATHER TUCK'S PATENT PAINTBOX POST CARD PAINTING BOOKS.

WITH PALETTE AND PAINTS.

Each book contains enough paint to colour all the pictures with the tints used in the copies. All that the young artist will require will be a brush and a glass of water. Oval palettes are cut through the upper portion of the pages, with novel and most attractive effect, and the colours are thus handy for use. These books are patented.

Each post card is perforated all around, so that it can be detached and sent through the post when painted.

Father Tuck's Paintbox Post Card Painting Book

Series, containing twenty-four post cards in colour and twenty-four post cards in outline, and water colours prepared for use.

Father Tuck's Palette Post Card Painting Book.

Pictures of various objects, such as ships, carriages, fruit, furniture, etc. Patented 25c.

Father Tuck's Welcome Post Card Painting Book.

Pictures of toys, articles used in sport, etc. Patented 25c.

Father Tuck's Paintbox Post Card Painting Book

Series, containing twelve post cards in colour and twelve post cards in outline, and water colours prepared for use

Father Tuck's Favourite Post Card Painting Book.

Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Playtime Post Card Painting Book.

Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Toyland Post Card Painting Book.

Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Kindergarten Post Card Painting

Book. Patented 15c.

FAIRY TALES, etc.

Untearable leaves, Picture boards, 1.50 each.

With Father Tuck to Fairyland. Re-told by Edric Vredenburg and others. One hundred pages of the old familiar Fairy Tales, illustrated with twenty pages in colour, and numerous black and white pictures.

With Father Tuck to Nurseryland. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. One hundred pages of the old nursery favourites, illustrated with twenty pages in colour, and eighty pages in black and white.

With Father Tuck to Animal Land. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. One hundred pages of pictures and stories. Twenty pages in full colour.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated with sixty-nine pictures in colour and black and white, by E. J. Andrews and S. Jacobs. Edited by Edric Vredenburg.
Picture boards 1.50

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated with ninety-five pictures in colour and black and white, by E. J. Andrews and S. Jacobs. Edited by Edric Vredenburg.
Bound in Cloth, bevelled, gilt edges 2.50

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE BOARD SERIES. CARDBOARD LEAVES THROUGHOUT.

Special attention must be called to this serviceable line of Books, which are practically everlasting wear. Picture boards. Card-board leaves throughout. Coloured throughout.

Our Farm. Domestic animals	75c.
Father Tuck's Bird A B C. A large variety of birds	50c.
From Storyland. Cinderella, etc., with verses	25c.
Pets and Playmates. Animals, with verses	25c.
Farm Favourites. Pictures of horses, etc., with verses	25c.
By Road and Rail. Full pages, with verses	25c.
From Fairyland. Well-known fairy-tale characters	25c.
Animal Friends. Pretty, full-page pictures of farm scenes	25c.
Pictures from the Bible. Pictures with simple descriptions	25c.
Bible Pictures. The histories of Joseph and Moses	25c.

FATHER TUCK'S PANORAMA BOARD SERIES.

COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Twenty pages of beautiful coloured pictures folding into the form of a book, but opening out and standing firmly with a most attractive panoramic effect, and thus to be used as a plaything. Pictures on both sides and letterpress.

To Nursery Land. Full-page pictures of The Three Bears, Three Kittens, etc., etc. 50c.

Old Friends. Full-page pictures of Nursery Rhymes, etc. 50c.

Pictureland. Full-page pictures of children, fairy tales, etc. 25c.

Twice Ten Cats. Comical cats, by Louis Wain 25c.

BABY BOOKS.

Size $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches. 32 pages, with 4 illustrations in colour.

Our Baby.	Moire Antique.	
	Paper boards	50c.
„	Padded cloth	75c.
„	Padded silk	1.00

Size 10 by $7\frac{1}{2}$.

Baby's Book.	Cloth boards	1.50
„	Padded cloth	2.00
„	Padded silk	2.50

Size $12\frac{1}{4}$ by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

96 pages of text and illustrations and 8 full-sized coloured plates.

	Padded cloth	5.00
	Padded silk	7.50

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE CALICO BOOKS.

PRINTED DIRECT ON TUCK'S WASHABLE CALICO.

These books are practically unspoilable. The colours are fast, so that they may, with perfect safety, be given to the smallest baby that, attracted by the bright pictures, finds pleasure in appropriating them as playthings; and, being made of washable material, they can always be kept in a wholesome condition. Ten pages, coloured throughout.

All My Dollies. Twenty-four full-page dolls of all descriptions 1.00
Field Friends. Full-page pictures of domestic animals 75c.
Nursery Hours. Full-page pictures of favourite nursery characters, etc. 75c.

TEN PAGES. COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Dollyland. Twelve full-page dolls of various kinds 50c.
Dolly Dear. Twelve full-page boy dolls and girl dolls 50c.

SIX PAGES. COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Each containing eight full-page dolls, all different. Twenty-four dolls in the four books.

Little Fisherman 25c.
Baby Dolly 25c.
Happy Dollies 25c.

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE NURSERY MATS, NURSERY CURTAINS AND BED-SPREADS.

PRINTED DIRECT ON WASHABLE CALICO.

These Washable Calico Nursery Mats, Curtains, and Bed-spreads are of a most durable and attractive character. With their brightly coloured yet artistic pictures, which when washed retain their brilliant hues, they will be popular both in day and night nurseries, where they may be utilised in many ways.

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE NURSERY MATS.

Forty cents each. Eyeletted at the four corners.

THE ANIMAL A B C. Animals, Birds, and Large Letters.
NURSERY RHYMES. Favourite Nursery Rhymes, illustrated.
OUR DOLLIES. Dolls of various descriptions.





